

GIRL OSCAR DID NOT STAR TALKS ABOUT NEW SUIT

Frances Lee Declares She Will Bring Hammerstein to Court for Libel.

GIVES OUT HIS LETTERS.

Alleged Samples of Notes to "Boogie" Full of Love and Art.

"Oscar Hammerstein's public statement that I am incompetent to perform or appear in any kind of operatic performance will shortly bring him into another suit," declared Miss Frances Lee, the "Texas Patti," to-day.

"He broke my heart, blasted my career and is now trying to make good his threat to see me in the gutter before he gets through with me. I will sue him for libel. The present suit follows his efforts to leave me on the charity of my friends."

"I had signed up for forty weeks at a good salary in vaudeville when he cut in and got it cancelled. I have now signed for forty weeks more and will sing the songs which he asked me to learn."

Miss Lee declares that she sang "The Flamenco" in Stabat Mater at a Sunday concert at the Manhattan in April, 1907, substituting for Mme. Riss, and that forty letters written during the summer of 1907 by Hammerstein made promises of an operatic future.

Miss Lee is powerfully built, with a wealth of blond hair and large oaken eyes.

In answer to Miss Lee's suit for \$100,000 for alleged breach of contract, Mr. Hammerstein's lawyers, Dittenhofer, Gerber and James, say that any services which Miss Lee may have rendered the Manhattan Opera House's management were not reasonably worth more than \$2,000. They declare that Mr. Hammerstein's judgment of Miss Lee's singing was such as to prevent him placing her on the operatic stage, and that she has no claim for damages of \$100,000, his letters to her being similar to those which he sends to his other singers.

An evidence of the relations which she says formerly existed between herself and Mr. Hammerstein, Miss Lee has made public more of the five hundred letters which, she alleges, she has received from him. A few days ago Mr. Hammerstein admitted he had written letters, adding:

"Can't a man write love letters? I wanted to and did. I am not sorry. I meant every word in them."

One of the letters to Miss Lee, addressed to her as "Bruce" in which Hammerstein describes his while organizing his Manhattan Opera Company, in part follows:

Milan, March 20, 1906.

"My dearest, darlingest Bruce: There is but one Boosie after all. I have been thinking of you all the time and wondering whether, when 6 o'clock comes around you will be in bed. Well, Boosie, it is a week since I landed. I stayed in Paris for two days. Conried had blocked the way with all musical agents, and if it had not been for John and Edward De Reszkes (sic) I'd have had a fine time being even recognized as a respectable manager."

"Well, Boosie, I love you. Think of me as often as I do of you. Study Italian as much as you can. Don't waste me on little songs, but get right at the repertoire of operas where dramatic soprano is required. I heard twenty scholars at Jean De Reszkes. Oh, how interesting. It will take all day to tell you all about it. Goodbye, Boosie. I hug and kiss you as of old and as I hope I ever will. Your OSCAR."

More Affection.

In another letter "Oscar" says he is not a "sticky lover or love making fool." He tells of the relations between himself and his "Bruce." Part of this letter follows:

"My Beloved Bruce, New York, Sept. 2, 1904.

"When I left you last Monday I left a smiling, apparently happy Bruce. When I got your first letter on Wednesday I was chilled. It was such a short, almost perfunctory letter. You had no time to write much as the day was ringing for supper. Then I got another yesterday, just a short and almost normal letter. I answered it with a few lines, disheartened and dejected. But just now I got another letter. It was the old heading, 'My Darling Oscar,' and the old ring of love and affection. God bless you for it, Bruce."

"I am not a sticky lover or love-making fool. Everything about me is manly, everything about me is such that a woman cannot help to love and admire. I am in the prime of life, with a boyish thought and a boyish affection. I am going to Europe after the opening of the Fields Theatre, alone. If it must be, with you, if you say the word. If you say 'Oscar, I love you to-day as I have loved you for seven years; I have been yours and yours alone for seven years; I will be yours for all and ever, I will trust in you and in your judgment to guide me, to make me happy.' Well, then, Bruce, what I have is yours. My ambitions are mine, your honor is your honor." "OSCAR."

Another letter refers to a "dream" Miss Lee had had which roused her jealousy, and in which she said:

"Bruce, you are a d— fool. Don't dream so much—love me as I love you."

Miss Lee denied yesterday that she intends to bring a suit against Mr. Edward Stephenson, son of ex-Capt. John Stephenson.

R. U. A. PAWNBROKER?

Then why don't you advertise that ring, watch, diamond or fiddle you have for sale in the Morning World, which has a daily circulation in New York City greater than the Herald, Times, Tribune, Sun and Press combined?

Once in your store, those who call will see ALL the articles you have to offer and many sales may follow.

Start a seven-day advertisement in the Sunday World to-morrow and watch the result.

GIRL WHO GAVE OUT NOTES OSCAR SENT TO "BOOSIE."



HEROES BRAVED DEATH AS DOOMED YANKEE FILLED

Engineer and Diver Went Into Hold of Sinking Cruiser in Effort to Save Her.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.—Warm praise for heroic work on the part of Engineer Witherspoon and a French-Canadian diver named Minot aboard the cruiser Yankee while an effort was being made to tow the vessel to New Bedford after she had been cleared of Spanish Rock is given in a report to the Navy Department by Capt. Charles C. Marsh, of the vessel.

The captain tells how the collier Lebanon, while trying to pass a hawser to the Yankee, was swept against the cruiser by heavy seas and gale and smashed in a port-hole, through which water poured into the vessel. This eventually caused the sea fighter to sink.

"Some time in the early morning, perhaps about 1 o'clock," the captain continues, "word came up that the air compressors had stopped. Also the news information was given to the engineer, Mr. Witherspoon. He went below and then sent for a diver. The behavior of these two men cannot go by unnoticed. The open-air port in the stern of the ship, on the starboard side, next to the air compressors."

"Mr. Witherspoon went into this state-room and shut the door. He then tried to close the air port, got one foot partly in place and then hung up his lantern so as to use both hands. The light was blown out and he was left in total darkness."

"The pressure against the port was too great for him and he found himself in water up to his neck in this closed state-room. Fortunately the pressure eventually carried away the door and he was thrown out and into the berth deck."

"In the mean time a French Canadian diver named Minot put on his diving suit and in darkness went down in a sinking ship to lend a hand at closing the air port. The diving pump was tended by Mr. Witherspoon and one of the company whose name at this time I do not remember."

"For devotion to their work and for courage I know nothing better than these actions."

DR. A. J. MC COSH DID NOT LEAVE A WILL

Dr. Andrew J. McCosh, son of a former president of Princeton, who died Dec. 2 at his home, No. 16 East Fifty-fourth street, as the result of injuries in a runaway accident, left no will. It was developed to-day.

His sister, Mrs. Margaret McCosh-Magle, of Princeton, applied for and received from Surrogate Thomas letters of administration.

Her petition says Dr. McCosh left upwards of \$100 in real estate, and about \$14,000 in personal estate.

Dr. McCosh's heirs and next of kin are his aged mother, Isabella McCosh, and his two sisters, Mrs. Magle and Mrs. Mary J. Maitland, all of Princeton.

STOLE TOBACCO IS CHARGE.

Three Men Arrested When Another Prisoner Confessed.

Several downtown tobacco dealers in the wholesale section have complained to the police recently that their places were being plundered regularly of boxes of choice tobacco to the value of several hundred dollars. Among the men whose places were looted are A. Klopffmann, of No. 113 Church street; John Warner, of No. 214 Pearl street; and Cohen & Rothenberg, of No. 116 Pearl street.

Central Office Detectives Heich, Dreibel and Gilkinson have been at work on the case, and on Third Avenue to-day they arrested Edward Wall, of No. 450 Fifty-seventh street, Brooklyn; Walter Ferry, of No. 51 West 10th Road, Corona, L. I.; and John Berlin, of No. 28 Cliff street, the Bronx. The detectives got the clue from a man named Molino, arrested a week ago for receiving stolen tobacco. In Molino's place four boxes, valued at \$1,000, were found when the detectives arrested him.

Wife of Fort Slocum Army Lieutenant, Latest Poetess of Passion to Burst in Tropical Song

Distinguished Socially, She Is Daughter-in-Law of Rear-Admiral John C. Watson, Next Ranking Officer to Dewey.

"TO A MAN I KNOW," READS VOLUME'S DEDICATION.

Poetess Laughingly Refuses to Tell if He Is Her Husband—"Destiny and Desire" Is Title of Striking Production.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



Mrs. Watson, besides being our latest poetess of passion, is a most distinguished person socially, being the wife of First Lieut. James Thornton Watson, of the United States Army, now stationed at Fort Slocum, and daughter-in-law of Rear-Admiral John Crittenden Watson, of Spanish War fame, who, after Admiral Dewey, is the ranking officer of the United States Navy.

She is, moreover, a young woman of the most dazzling blond beauty, a blue-eyed and golden-haired mother of a five-year-old boy and whose actual appearance is very hard to reconcile with the very preconceived notion of the authorship of a book entitled "Destiny and Desire."

The poems, by the way, bear a mysterious dedication in Mrs. Watson's own handwriting: "To a Man I Know," and when I saw her yesterday and confronted her with an advance copy of the book she refused positively to disclose the unknown man's identity or even to state whether or not he, by any chance, is her husband.

"I won't relieve Lieut. Watson's agony to that extent," she declared, laughing. "Even if it were he I would not tell you. It would be so hopelessly old-fashioned to write poetry to your own husband."

Picture Only "Normal."

"And don't you mind," I inquired, "what people are going to think—what they're going to say when they read such poems as the one entitled 'To-morrow' or the 'Moon Song'?"

Here, with as much poetical expression as I could summon to a voice untrained to fervor, I read to Mrs. Watson these verses from her "Moon Song":

A woman rests within my arms,
Her eyes heavy-lidded as from languorous sleep.

Her red lips pulsing warm.

Tremulous her voice, her kisses sweet.

The warm red blood that gleams

Through the naked beauty, 'neath its veil of gold

Tells the wondrous secret of her dreams

Which end in savage love

The craving of my soul.

While I read I couldn't help glancing occasionally at the young poetess whose cool blond beauty was sharply accentuated by a toque and long loose coat of black fur. At one side of the toque was a huge bunch of artificial Parma violets, so natural that I could scarcely distinguish them from the purple sphere of the real blossoms at her breast.

"I don't think there's anything dreadful in that poem," declared Mrs. Watson when I had finished. "Every real woman, every normal woman has felt that way—a few prudes may criticize me, but I'll try not to care, though of course criticism always hurts."

"A Tryst" Her Favorite.

"What a woman says in public is very different from what she feels and knows in her own heart. Here at Fort Slocum there is a reading club where the officers' wives meet every week, and the most discussed new book is read aloud. I don't belong, but they say they're going to buy my poems and read them. Perhaps they'll criticize them. Well, a lot of women will criticize before other people, yet in their own souls will say of a poem like 'Moon Song,' 'That reminds me—' 'Moon Song' is not my favorite poem, however. I like best the one called 'Tryst,' beginning 'I am waiting here for you.' Sometimes I think I should have written a preface to the poems saying that I have lived as much in imagination as in experience. For instance, I meet a woman sometimes of whom I say to myself 'How a man could love you; how he could crush you in his arms,' and then perhaps I write something like this:

Let me look deep in your sea blue eyes;

Let me warm your red lips

With the passion of mine,

Kiss you and crush you, O, maiden fair!

My soul aflame with its mad desire—

Come, take what is yours.

You kindled the fire!

"Or this," and Mrs. Watson read with

For purity, flavor, quality and reliability

"Sweets" Tea is supreme. Ask your grocer

for the Sweets packet.

Death at End of Journey.

HOUSTON, Tex., Dec. 12.—Just as she reached the home of her sister, Dr. Belle Eskridge, in Houston, to-day, Mrs. Barbara Allen, of Chicago, collapsed from a heart affection and died instantly.



TWO POEMS "PASSIONATE AND PERVERSE."

A TRYST.

I am waiting here for you.

Every drop of blood

That pulses in my heart

Is a flaming torch to light your way—

Lover Lad, with your Irish eyes,

How well I know just what you'll do.

Still—I am waiting here for you.

TO-MORROW.

"To-morrow!"

And have you the patience then to wait?

God! My lips cry for the kisses that are mine.

And not to-morrow do I want them, but to-day.

For who knows if to-morrow's sun shall shine

Or where we two shall be who lived to-day?

I want to watch the last sun die, satisfied,

And never know the torture of that cry.

"Oh, God! I wasted yesterday and missed my fate!"

WOMAN AIDED GANG IN THEFT OF \$40,000 FURS

Crawled Through Small Hole Cut Into Wall and Passed Out Loot.

Although the detectives are said to be on the trail of a man suspected in connection with the robbery of \$40,000 worth of furs from the establishment of Ackerman & Gordon, on the eighth floor of No. 28 East Twenty-second street, early yesterday, they are also working in the belief that a woman was implicated.

They base this theory on a woman's handkerchief found in a secluded corner of the place, and on the fact that the hole pierced in the brick wall through which the valuables were taken is so small an averaged sized man could not possibly have crawled through it.

Only Costly Furs Taken.

When Ackerman reached his place of business yesterday morning the elevator boy told him a hole had been pierced in the brick wall near the door of his office. Going inside Ackerman found the floor of the place strewn with comparatively cheap garments and that every piece of expensive fur had been stolen. He sent for the police, but the only possible clue to the robbers they could find was an empty sack, on which was the name of a Broadway firm. Evidently it had been used to carry out some of the stolen goods.

The hole best told the story of the robbery. It was a little more than a foot wide and at first it was thought that a boy must have been the robbers' accomplice. Later the small handkerchief was picked up in a dark corner of the hall where no employees of the firm are accustomed to go.

The police theory is that before the building was closed Thursday night a man or woman hid in the dark corners of the hall and after midnight went down to the front door of the building and let in his or her accomplice.

"Protected" Against Burglars.

On the firm's door was a notice to all that the place was protected against burglars. All the windows were wired for burglar alarms. A crowbar or pick must have been used to dig the hole in the wall, but no such implement was found.

The show room was lined with sable coats, some of them valued at \$200 wholesale; mink sets, Persian lamb, baby lamb, ermine and other valuable garments. Every one of them was taken. The cheaper kinds had been examined, apparently, and then thrown on the floor as not costly enough to be carried away.

Gov. Hughes, who is at the Astor Hotel to-day, said that no appointments would be made during his visit to the city. Among his early callers were Adm. Gen. Nelson H. Henry, N. G. S. A. who was unable to see him until later. Gen. Henry wanted to talk over the organization of the new military staff of the Governor.

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TRAIN LOOT IS DISCOVERED IN STORAGE HERE

Goods Stolen From Lake Shore Cars and Two Suspects Are Held.

Wholesale robbery of freight cars of the Lake Shore Railroad was revealed to-day in the arrest of two men on suspicion of knowing something about the disposition of several thousand dollars worth of the stolen articles.

Detective McKenna, of the Central office, acting on complaint of H. Throck, of Buffalo, went to the storage warehouse, at No. 1212 Third Avenue, and there found two men who gave their names as Charles Cohen and Jacob Barney, both merchants of Buffalo.

According to the police, at least \$2,000 of the goods alleged to have been taken from the freight cars are now in storage at the Third Avenue place. It is said that \$1,500 of the goods have been sold.

While the police here only have meagre details of the thefts, they say that about \$20,000 worth of goods are missing. Cohen and Barney, who gave their ages as twenty-six and thirty-seven, were locked up at Headquarters pending further information from Buffalo.

Meantime, the police are trying to find some clue to the men who robbed the freight cars. They believe that the job was done by an organized gang, with headquarters here.

BRIDE OF EARL'S SON.

LONDON, Dec. 12.—The Morning Post announces the engagement of the Hon. Ronald Lindsay, younger son of the Earl of Crawford, and Martha, youngest daughter of J. Donald Cameron, late Senator from Pennsylvania.

MRS. NICHOLAS FISH DIES SUDDENLY

New York Widow, Noted for Charities, Victim of Apoplexy.

Mrs. Nicholas Fish, for many years prominent in New York society, and widow of the oldest son of Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State in Grant's Cabinet, is dead at her home, No. 1723 N street, Washington. She had enjoyed good health until Thursday, when she had a stroke of apoplexy.

As Clarence S. Bryce, Mrs. Fish's son-in-law, told the story of her death, she was a member of an old Maryland family. Her brother was Lloyd Bryce, the author and editor, and Paymaster-General of New York under Gov. Hill.

She lived at No. 4 Irving place here, and was prominent in charity work. Her husband, who had held several diplomatic posts, died in 1892. A daughter, Elizabeth, married Lord Robert Bunsell Potter, a nephew of the late Bishop Potter, and their son, Hamilton, was one of the first soldiers killed in Cuba during the Spanish war. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Fish came to Washington to live.

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